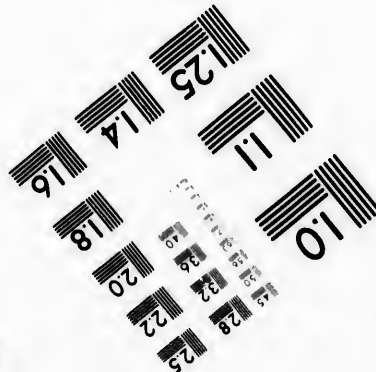
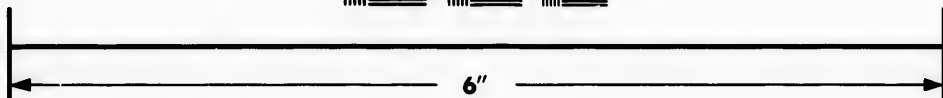
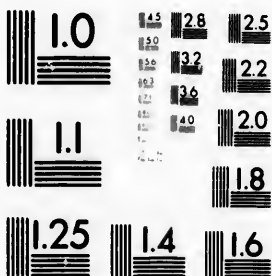


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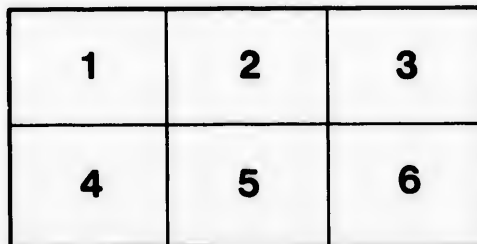
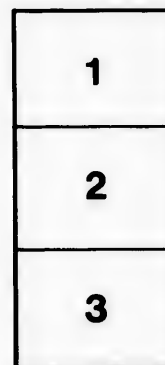
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# THE MAIRE OF ST. BRIEUX.

AN OPERETTA

*IN ONE ACT.*

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR  
HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN'S PRIVATE  
THEATRICALS, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, FEB., 1875.

THE MUSIC BY

FREDERICK W. MILLS.

THE LIBRETTO,

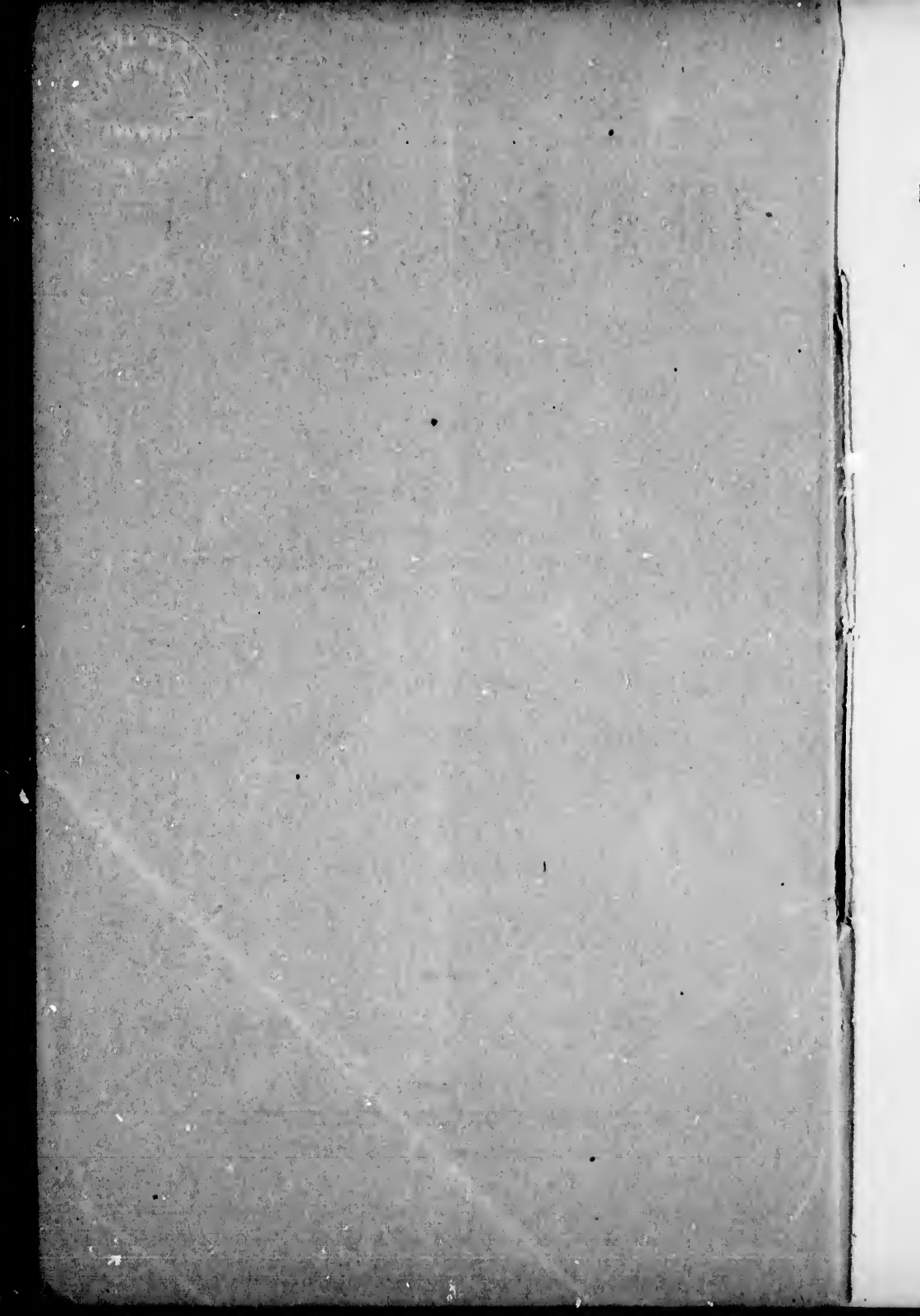
BY

FREDERICK A. DIXON

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OTTAWA:

PRINTED BY J. BUREAU, SPARKS STREET,  
Between O'Connor & Bank Streets.



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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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THE MAIRE OF ST. BRIEUX,  
CHARLES DUVAL, an Englishman,  
MONSIEUR BOUILLET, a Blacksmith,  
PIERRE, an Apprentice,  
COMTESSE DE BEAUDRY, a Royalist, disguised as Madame  
Barrie, Dressmaker,  
MARIE, Niece of Monsieur Bouillet.

Gendarmes, Peasants, Blacksmiths, &c.

*The scene is laid in the little Breton Village of St. Brieux. Costumes  
in the time of the Consulate, cir. 1800.*

### PROPERTIES.

A wreath and 2 garlands of roses ; two bottles of wine, long french bread, sandwiches, plates and glasses, table cloth, on tray ; an anvil and two heavy hammers ; a portmanteau filled with the following articles : a couple of coats and some linen ; a portrait ; an empty bottle ; a cork ; a pistol ; brush and comb ; box of pills ; a tooth brush ; bundle of papers ; a pipe ; a small picture of a horse ; a pair of spurs and whip ; a lady's slipper ; some hair in a brown paper parcel ; a book ; a cigar case, with cigars ; another bundle of papers. Proclamation for Maire. 3 letters.

---

ENTERED according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in  
the Department of Agriculture, by Frederick W. Mills.



THE  
MAIRE OF ST. BRIEUX.

---

*Scene outside the village of St. Brieux, in Britany, wood, with view of the sea at back, Blacksmith's Cottage and Forge L. Cottage with practicable upper window. Artists easel R. U. E. Small table R. I. E. Lights up. The Blacksmith with his apprentices working at anvil L. Villagers at back and round forge. Chorus as Curtain rises.*

CHORUS.

Work, brothers work, while the ruddy atoms yield ;  
Work, brothers work, the heavy hammers wield.  
Now is the moment when the victory must be won,  
Work, brothers work, and the labour will be done.

RECITATIVE & ARIA.

BLACKSMITH.

Hear the bellows creak and cry  
To the sparks that quiet lie  
In the forge fire, dim and low,  
Waiting idly in the glow,  
Off ! away ! away ! away !  
And, like boys let out to play  
On some summer holiday,  
Out they leap toward the sky,  
Springing through the chimney high,  
With a roar of wild desire ;  
Leaping higher, higher, higher.  
And the iron, in its bed,  
Wakes to life of glowing red.  
Now the work, beneath our blows  
Shaped and fashioned, ever grows.

## CHORUS.

Strike, brothers, strike! while the ruddy atoms yield;  
Strike! brothers, strike! the heavy hammers wield.  
Now is the moment when the victory must be won,  
Strike! brothers strike! and our labours will be done.

BLACKSMITH.—Now then, my lads, be off with you. No more work to-day. If it is a holiday, why, let us keep it, I say, and when you're tired of dancing you'll find a drink of wine round the old forge. Dont forget. (*Exeunt villagers R. cheering.*) I must go and invite his Honour the Maire to dinner, and see what's in the cellar. (*Exit L. Enter Marie from house followed slowly by Pierre.*)

MARIE.—I tell you, Pierre, I shall just dance with whom I choose—there! and as for Monsieur Duval, the strange Englishman as you call him, he dances splendidly, just for all the world like Punchinello. I could dance all day with him, and I will too, if you tease me, there:

PIERRE.—But Marie, come now. (*coaxingly.*)

MARIE.—I wont!

PIERRE.—This fellow, this monsieur Duval! no one knows who he is, or what he is, or what he is after—no good I'll be bound.

MARIE.—He's an Artist.

PIERRE.—You're a woman. Now, I believe he is plotting with these Chouans, he's a spy, a conspirator, why, he's been lodging these three weeks past with your uncle and he has not done a picture bigger than a spade yet. He's managed to turn all your silly little heads though.

MARIE.—My head is not silly Sir. You said it was a very pretty little head once. (*pretending to cry.*)

PIERRE.—There now, dont cry, Marie. It *is* a very pretty little head, and I dont like to see it on this Englishman's shoulder. There! Dont dance with him Marie. I dont wish it.

MARIE.—(*sarcastically*) Oh! *you* dont wish it. That certainly is an excellent reason. Remember, Sir, we are

not married yet, and not likely to be,—there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

QUARREL DUET, (Marie and Pierre.)

*M.* 'Twixt the cup and the lip  
There is many a slip,  
As many a lover has found.

*P.* There's a proverb as good,  
If it's well understood,  
'Twixt two stools you fall to the ground.

*M.* Two strings to my bow  
I choose, Sir, to show.  
In fact, I think that is too few.

*P.* In love, Miss, you're told  
To be off with the old.  
Before you are on with the new.

*M.* Your wish then I'll obey, Sir,  
(*Curtseying*) And bid you now good day, Sir,  
I've nothing more to say, Sir.  
Good day, good day, good day.  
(*Going off.*)

*P.* O very well then, go, Miss,  
Be off to your new bean, Miss,  
Since you will have it so, Miss.  
Good day, good day, good day.

(*Exit Pierre R.*)

MARIE.—Poor Pierre ! I do really love him, but one may as well have some fun before marriage, one gets so little after. Then this stranger is so nice and he does dance so beautifully. Ah ! here he comes.

(*Enter Duval, L. U. E.*)

DUVAL.—Ah my pretty Marie, what have you been doing to poor Pierre. I passed him just now and he looked as black as ten thunder storms.

MARIE.—Nothing. We were only playing at Proverbs. He doesn't want me to dance with you at the fête to day.

DUVAL.—Not dance! indeed you shall though, if Pierre goes into a straight waistcoat on the spot. But I say Marie, I want you to do something for me.

MARIE.—Well?

DUVAL.—Have your uncle's black mare saddled, and send some one out to see if there are any news of that big race I told you about over in England.

MARIE.—And you are going to give me a thousand francs, if your horse wins?

DUVAL.—Yes. I will too.

MARIE.—I'll go and send some one off directly. A thousand francs! What fun! Wont I tease Pierre!

*(Exit into house.)*

DUVAL.—*(Coming front, takes a small betting book from his pocket.)* 3 and 4 is 7, and 5 is 12. 12, 18, 26. h'm. 1 and 1 is 2. Yes, that's a cool 2,000 I stand to win this Derby if only the Count can go the pace. *(He takes a letter from his pocket, another drops on to the ground, reads)* "Honoured Sir,—The Count is all right. It will be a t... u... p... h. I see, a tough thing, but he's bound to beat. Bony cant stay. Yours respectfully, BENDIGO BROWN." Short but sweet, Bendigo Brown! I wouldn't hedge a farthing. It's neck or nothing this time, and no mistake. If Bony doesn't founder I shall. *(Sees the letter on the ground.)* Hullo! there's that letter I have to give to "Madame Barrie, Dressmaker," *(turns it over curiously in his hands,)* whoever she may be. Well, it's none of my business. Uncle sends me over here, pays all expenses. No questions asked. But it is odd. The mysterious madame. has to say to me "Silk is rising." And then I hand my letter to the mysterious madame, and exit Duval. A good deal of mystery. I must get to

the bottom of it. Well, I wish silk would rise soon, and then hey for England once more. I hate this France. It always reminds me of cousin Mary and our old boating days before that confounded Frenchman ran away with her. I think she cared for me a little then. I know I loved her. Heigho ! that's ten years ago : ten years without a word from her, she must be dead ; at any rate she's dead to me. (*Sings.*)

### WHITE AND PINK.

Floating down the river slow,  
No one by, none to spy,  
We together boating go,  
Dainty cousin May and I.

All my sense bewilder'd, flies,  
Cousin May, the little fay,  
With her roguish hazel eyes,  
Laughs at what I say.

And the sun comes shining down,  
On the fair, soft golden hair,  
Sun shade pink and muslin gown,  
Fairy Mary sitting there.

" Shining sun and wanton wind,  
Ever stay so all the day,  
Leaving me would be unkind,  
Happy me ! "—I say.

But she only blushing cries,  
" Charley fie ! " [Charley's I.]  
And to catch the rushes tries,  
As the boat drifts slowly by.

Resting on my oars I think,  
Do you know I love you so ?  
Do you love me, white and pink ?  
Is it yes... or no ?

(*Goes up the stage and sits at easel. R. C. Enter the Maire and Blacksmith, the Maire with his hands full of papers.*)

MAIRE.—News ? yes indeed my dear Monsieur Bouillet Great news. Most important news, but you would not understand it if I were to tell you. You're a good fellow, a very good honest sort of a fellow, but you wouldn't understand these state matters ? Come now shall I try to explain to you.

BLACKSMITH.—Well, I dont know. I'm a thick-headed sort of a man but I might try to take it in, go on !

MAIRE.—Well, well, look here, this Count de Provence, who escaped over to England, in the big troubles, is trying with his friends in France, to upset Bonaparte, and take the throne.

BLACKSMITH.—Upset the little corporal ! not he !

MAIRE.—Well, they are trying, and what's more they are trying here in Brittany, here in St. Brieux, here, where I am the Maire ! These despatches tell me that there are people in this very place who are in regular communication with Paris, and they can't find out how it's done. Listen ! I have orders to arrest and search all suspicious characters. (*Looks up C. and nods significantly.*)

BLACKSMITH.—Why you dont say that he.....(*Maire nods again.*) Bless me I should never have thought it.

MAIRE.—(*Whispering*) We must search his baggage today. I warrant we shall find something beside night-caps. I never liked the fellow.

BLACKSMITH.—I did.

MAIRE.—You ! but then you're not so accustomed to plots as I am. (*Sings.*)

### PLOT TRIO.

[*Blacksmith, Duval and the Maire.*]

MAIRE.

Here a plot !

There a plot !

Whatever is the reason ?

*Enter the  
ads full of*

*eur Bouil-  
ou would  
re a good  
but you  
ome now*

*k-headed  
on!*

*Proven-  
oubles, is  
naparte,*

*he!*

*they are  
where I  
ere are  
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s done.  
spicious*

*(Maire  
ght it.  
aggage  
night-*

*ed to*

I'll be shot,  
If they're not,  
Always hatching treason.  
It's absurd,  
But 'pon my word.  
It's more than I can bear, Sir,  
If you go,  
Down below,  
Tis'nt hotter there, Sir.

*(Takes Blacksmith's arm nervously.)*

*(Spoken.)* I do assure you that what with guns,  
swords and gendarmes, pickpockets, plots and stray pigs,  
mandats, edicts and proclamations, lost children, organ-  
grinders, mobs and mad Englishmen. *(Sings.)*

Why I'd rather be a monkey than a Maire sir. X

Here a spy:  
There a spy,  
Plotting, Sir, and scheming,  
Night and day,  
Pra'ps you'll say  
Surely I am dreaming:  
You mistake,  
I'm awake.  
Oh, you need'nt stare, Sir,  
Listen now,  
This is how,  
*This is how I fare, Sir.*

*(Spoken.)*

For breakfast, they give me a little plot, well peppered;  
for dinner, a brace of conspiracies, served *à la maitre*  
*d'armes*; with a fine big rebellion, devilled, for supper,  
till I dream of blunderbusses and hot water all night long.  
It could'nt be worse if I lived on pins and needles. Ah,  
I do assure you, my dear Monsieur Bouillet, for *his* tail  
is not so bad as *my* tale—that

*(Sings.)*

I'd rather be a monkey than a Maire, Sir.

1

1

( 27 )



I'll be shot,  
 If they're not,  
 Always hatching treason.  
 It's absurd,  
 But 'pon my word.  
 It's more than I can bear, Sir,  
 If you go,  
 Down below,  
 Tis'nt hotter there, Sir.

(Takes Blacksmith's arm nervously.)

(Spoken.) I do assure you that what with guns,  
 swords and gendarmes, pickpockets, plots and stray pigs,  
 mandates, edicts and proclamations, lost children, organ-  
 grinders, mobs and mad Englishmen. (Sings.)

Why I'd rather be a monkey than a Maire sir. X

DUVAL. (at back C.)

I wish you would go !

MAIRE.

But I'd have you to know,  
 That I'm not at all slow,  
 I can pick out a spy,  
 With a glance of my eye,  
 And take a man in,  
 From his toes to his chin,  
 And follow his nose,  
 Wherever it goes.....

DUVAL. (Coming down front.)

Oh, bother your nose,  
 And your chin and your toes.  
 Just listen to me.....

MAIRE.

I'm the Maire, Sir, you see.

DUVAL.

Oh fiddle-de-dee !

BLACKSMITH. (*Apologetically.*)

He's the Maire Sir you see !

DUVAL.

You keep up such a chatter,  
And a clatter, with your patter,  
And your fussing and your worry,  
And your hurry and your flurry,  
As if you really were the great Mogul !

MAIRE.

These words to me ! to me, the Maire !  
With rage I choke, I tear my hair.

DUVAL & BLACKSMITH.

With rage he chokes, he tears his hair !

(*Duval goes up back, and sits at easel.*)

MAIRE.—That's a dangerous fellow. He's full of plots. I can see it in his eye, he's a conspirator. Fancy, speaking to me, the Maire of St. Brieux, in that style ! His baggage must be searched. I'll go and see about it.  
(*Exit R.*)

BLACKSMITH.—Well, who would have thought it ! such a good natured young fellow too. Dear me, dear me ! what a world ! I must go and have a glass of wine to hold myself together.

(*Exit into house.*)

DUVAL.—(*At back still painting.*) What an old pepper pot it is. Not a bad little man if he were'n't such a pompous little wretch. (*Hums to himself. Enter Madame Barrie L. She comes down. Duval still goes on singing. At last she bursts out laughing. Duval starts up.*) A thousand pardons, Madame, I'm sure : I didn't know I had an audience.

MAD. B.—It is I who am in fault, Monsieur. The audience should not have laughed. (*Aside.*) It's my

messenger, he does not remember me. (*Aloud.*) Monsieur is an artist I presume.

DUVAL.—No Madame, no. (*Aside.*) My dressmaker for a guinea! I'll give her a chance. (*Aloud and with emphasis*) The fact is that I'm a kind of silk merchant, travelling in silk.

MADAME B.—Indeed, I am very much interested in silk myself.

DUVAL.—(*aside*) I thought so.

MAD. B.—(*markedly.*) I hear it said that in England silk is rising.

DUVAL.—(*aside.*) My dressmaker! (*aloud,*) Madame, I perfectly understand. I have the honour to place this letter from my uncle in your own fair hands. (*Gives letter, as she takes it he attempts to kiss her hand, she withdraws it hastily with an angry glance, and goes up back, reading letter.*)

DUVAL.—H'm, well, for a dressmaker, I must say she is a charming creature, looks like a queen, and talks like a duchess, has the voice of a syren, and the hand of an angel, and a foot like a fairy, and, and..... Hang me if I'm not in love at first sight! Odd though! I fancy, I have seen her somewhere before. I know that voice as well as my own. Where? I must have a talk with this mysterious dressmaker. Madame?

MAD. B.—Monsieur!

DUVAL.—Shall I help you to read your letter?

MAD. B.—Thanks, no. I can read very well. I'll read you a sentence to show you, (*reads*) "Though Charley....."

DUVAL.—Charley! does he mean me?

MAD. B.—Oh yes, Charley's you! Oh, you need not mind, your uncle and I are old friends.

DUVAL.—Are you!

MAD. B.—(*reads*) "Though Charley does not understand our business, he is a gentleman and may be safely trusted to behave as such."

(*During her reading she looks him full in the face.*)

DUVAL.—I beg a thousand pardons, Madame. I was rude. But you are no dressmaker.

MAD. B.—(*laughing*) Ah, you are not quite recovered yet. Come, never mind. I forgive you. I see we shall be friends. No, I am not a dressmaker, but I am in the same business as your uncle.

DUVAL.—Silk?

MAD. B.—Silk.

DUVAL.—I wish I were in the same business.

MAD. B.—Perhaps you may be before long. But tell me,.....I've been away in Paris on business.

DUVAL.—Silk?

MAD. B.—Silk, certainly. Have'nt you found it rather dull?

DUVAL.—Dull! There's nothing to do, literally nothing. I've set the whole place by the ears though.

MAD. B.—You quarrelled?

DUVAL.—Nobody to quarrel with, except that fussy little Maire.

MAD. B.—Poor little Maire! I know him well. We are great friends, he and I, especially he.....Well, you flirted with all the village belles, of course.

DUVAL.—No one to flirt with except Marie, here.

MAD. B.—Marie! Oh Monsieur leave pretty Marie alone. These simple country daisies wont bear transplanting. She is only a daisy you know, not a rose. (*Sings.*)

### ONLY A DAISY.

Only a daisy, indeed,  
Plucked from its stem for the whim of an hour;  
Cast on the path as a valueless flower;  
Left there to die as a weed.

Love and trust reared its head,  
Up from the fostering lap of the ground,  
Into the bright, happy world it had found;  
Now, the poor daisy is dead.

'Tis but a daisy has died:  
Strolling down through the Park one day,  
He, the young Sir from the Hall, came this way,  
Plucked it, and threw it aside.

Nay, had it been but a rose.  
 Delicate, scented, Persian sweet,  
 Would it have lain so sad at my feet ?  
 What is a daisy ? who knows ?

Had he but just let it lie,  
 Maybe, some day, there had come to the place  
 One who would care for its innocent grace,  
 Take to his heart the " day's eye."

(During the Song Duval has been attentively watching her.)

DUVAL.—Madame, I feel sure I have seen you before.  
 Your voice, when you sing, brings back memories to  
 me. Have you ever.....?

MAD. B.—Monsieur, you must be mistaken. I can  
 assure you that Madame Barrie, Dressmaker, never had  
 the pleasure of meeting Mr. Charles Duval till this morn-  
 ing. She is however, charmed to have that pleasure  
 now. (*Makes a low curtesy.*) Now you must go. See,  
 all the girls are dancing yonder on the green, and  
 wondering where their new beau has hidden himself.  
 They will be quite jealous of me. (*laughing.*)

DUVAL.—I shall see you again soon then ?

MAD. B.—Yes, yes. Quite soon enough, Go, go.

DUVAL.—Good bye then, Madame, for a whole half  
 hour, or ten minutes. (*Aside.*) I'll make it five if pos-  
 sible. I'm over head and ears in love with that woman  
 already.

(*Exit L. U. E.*)

MAD. B.—Ah Master Charley, you nearly recognised  
 me, though I am not much like the cousin Mary of  
 ten years ago. How handsome he has grown ! I wonder  
 if he has forgotten me. Well, we shall see. I'm my own  
 mistress now at all events. (*Takes letter out and reads it.*)  
 Glorious news !—(*reads.*) " All arrangements are com-  
 plete this time, and before long France shall see the  
 fleurs de lys again wave in the breeze. Communicate the  
 enclosed plans to our friends in Paris. Your woman's

wit will find a safe way." Safe way, indeed! (*laughing.*) Yes, the good Maire of St. Brioux, little dreams when he so obligingly forwards letters from "Madame Barrie, dressmaker," to her sister in Paris by his own private courier, with the most especial care that they shall be delivered before anything else, what a service he is doing us, and what a ridiculous old goose he is. (*Looks off L.*) Ah, there they are, dancing away, as happy as the day is long. I am so happy too this bright glad spring time, I could dance myself. (*Sings.*)

### SPRING SONG.

Spring time is here, so glad so dear,  
Sweet sunny season of youth and of love;  
Flowers grow bright in the glad sunlight;  
Earth is as fair as the heaven above.

Love while you can. Since love began,  
Spring is the season to woo and to wed,  
Take then your day now while you may;  
Love time is past when the spring time has fled.

Summer soon flies, and Autumn fast dies;  
Spring is the season for pleasure and mirth;  
Chill is the cheer when winter is near;  
Cold grows the heart with the coldness of earth.

Youth fair and gay will hasten away,  
Beauty flies off on a wild-bird's wing,  
Love will not stay, seize then today,  
No one can tell what the morrow may bring.

(*During the last few bars the Maire has re-entered, R. followed by a Gendarme, and has been standing back, he comes forward, bowing.*)

MAIRE.—Ah, charming widow Barrie, so you have returned to us at last to make the nightingales die of envy, and tantalise our poor bachelor hearts with your charms.

MAD. B.—Now, if you are going to talk nonsense, I shall have to run away. (*Pretends to go off L.*)

MAIRE.—(*hastily*). Cruel widow! but pray dont go. (*she returns.*) I should be perfectly content to be tonguetied all my life if I might only look at you. (*She moves away L. again.*) Ah stay. (*She stops.*) I really could'nt help it, no one can help paying you compliments, you know. (*She moves off again.*)

MAD. B.—I see I shall really have to go.

MAIRE.—Good gracious! what am I saying! come back. I have'nt seen you for three weeks, you know. Say! Is there anything I can do for you in Paris, my courier is just starting.

MAD. B.—(*aside*) My postman! (*aloud*) No, thank you Monsieur. I have no commission today. Oh, stay, by the way, since you are so kind, perhaps you would'nt mind sending a little note for my sister, Rue Carrabacel, as before. It's about a new head-dress (*laughing—aside*) so it is, a crown!

MAIRE.—Certainly, certainly. (*he comes forward eagerly to receive the note which she holds out; as he approaches she withdraws it.*)

MAD. B.—Perhaps after all, it doesn't matter, it is such a trifle, and it would be troubling you.

MAIRE.—(*Languishingly*) Troubling me! (*takes note*) Here you Sir, see that this note is delivered to Madame Barrie's sister, rue Carrabacel, immediately on your arrival in Paris. (*To Madame B.*) The same shop as before?

MAD. B.—Oh, yes, please, certainly the same shop as before. (*Gendarme salutes, takes note, and goes off. L. U. E.*)

MAIRE.—There, my dear widow, that trifling service is done.

MAD. B.—I assure you Monsieur, you underate your goodness.

MAIRE.—Not at all, not at all, sweet widow. (*takes her hand*) May I? (*he kisses it.*) (*aside.*) Shall I? (*looks at her*) I will! (*Sings.*)

## COURTING DUET.

*(The Maire and Widow Barrie.)*

*M.* Fair widow, I.....

*W. B.* (*aside*,) Ah here it comes ! (*aloud*,) Good bye !

*M.* I... I... in fact, that is, you see I... I.

*W. B.* (*aside*,) Dear me, poor soul, he's really very  
[shy.  
(*aloud*,) What is it ? Anything that I can do ?

*M.* Ah, that's just it ! (*languishingly*,) Ah, if you  
[only knew !

*W. B.* Knew what ? (*aside*,) I do, you dreadful bore.

*M.* (*aside*,) How handsome she is, what a  
Mairesse she would make ! Here goes !  
(*aloud*,) Fair Widow...I.

*W. B.* Why, that is what you said before !

*M.* Fair Widow Barrie, here upon my knee (*kneels*)

*W. B.* Pray dont, you'll get the cramp, and then  
[you'll see !

*M.* I love you widow ! (*aside*,) There it is out flat.

*W. B.* Oh love ! That's all ? You'll soon get over that.  
Such youthful maladies were best forgot.

*M.* I know I am not still a youth.....

*W. B.* You're not !



M. Nor handsome as I used to be, not quite.

W. B. Upon my word I really think you're right.

M. (*In pique and desperation.*)  
Oh bewitching Widow,  
See, I never did, oh,  
Never such a woman did I see.

W. B. Such a silly Maire, Sir,  
Is, I fancy, rare, Sir.  
As the one that's making love to me.

M. Charming Widow Barrie,  
Say that you will marry,  
Say that you will marry, marry me.

W. B. (*Curtseying.*)  
Thanks, I'd rather stay, Sir,  
As I am today, Sir,  
And would rather, thank you, single be.

M. Say yes, yes, yes.

W. B. Say no, no, no.

M. Ah cruel Widow, can you treat me so?  
Say yes, yes, yes.

W. B. No, no, no, no.

(*Exit Madame B. L.*)

MAIRE.—The Maire of St. Brieux refused by a dressmaker! H'm, well. Oh, she cannot mean it! Tis'nt possible! There's some mistake. Perhaps she thought I was only joking. Perhaps she didn't! Never mind, I'll pay you off for this my lady! I know! I'll pretend that I've had information that she is concerned

in this plot and that I shall be obliged to have her arrested and searched. That will frighten her and then we shall see. Perhaps she won't despise the Maire of St. Brieux then, though he is not quite so young as he was. (*Sings.*)

### THE OLDISH MAN.

"Tis hard to be an " oldish man. "  
Who wants to change his life.  
"Tis hard to hit upon a plan  
To get a pretty wife.

The jolly days when we were young,  
And rattled round the town,  
And rode and danced, and loved and sung,  
Were when these hairs were brown :

But now they're just a trifle gray,  
And I've grown brown instead,  
At balls, girls like me best away,  
And say I dance like lead.

We had no aches or pains or groans,  
Nor indigestion then ;  
We never knew that we had bones,  
We merry youngish men.

But now the belles have other beaux  
And other flirts to fan ;  
They don't fan me, for no one knows  
The wretched oldish man.

I'm just as young as ever now,  
And dance I'm sure I can.  
I'm not disposed to make my bow,  
I'm not an oldish man.

(*Exit Maire, L. U. E.*)

(*Enter Marie from house carrying tray with bread, sandwiches, table cloth, glasses, she puts it down and sets table.*)

ged to have he  
righten her an  
despise the Mair  
ite so young as h

MARIE.—What a delicious day this has been to be  
re ! I've danced four times with monsieur Duval, and  
erre is as jealous and sulky as possible. Oh it's  
arming ! Poor fellow ! I must make it up again or  
ere will be pistols and blunderbusses in the case,  
and that will never do. What a happy girl I am to be  
ure to have some one to love me so desperately.  
(Sings.)

### PEASANT SONG.

A little peasant girl am I,  
A simple village maid, no more ;  
All day I sing without a sigh,  
No troubles pass my cottage door.

For all things love me, so I sing,  
Because my heart is ever gay ;  
I hear the glad birds carolling,  
I know I am as glad as they.

I would not change my simple state,  
For all the charms of life at court ;  
I would not live amongst the great,  
For all their pride so dearly bought.  
For all things, &c.

A little fun, a little dance,  
A song to cheer my daily task,  
The sunny sky of sunny France,  
A little love, is all I ask.

For all things &c.

(Exit into house, L.)

~~Enter Blacksmith from behind house with a bottle of wine  
under each arm ; he sets bottles on table, R.)~~

~~Exit Maire, L. U. E.)  
sandwiches, table clo~~

~~BLACKSMITH.—Ah ! That's all right, and so is the  
e. Why there are a dozen good laughs in each bot-  
warranted full measure. Dear me, it's a fine thing to  
a blacksmith after all. (Sings.)~~

Oh, Marie, Marie!  
how can you be so cruel to one who loves you so  
dearly!

I'll go away, go off to sea, and then perhaps  
she will remember her poor old faithful lover.

(sings.)

PIERRE.

There miss! You've done it now. This is the  
last time, the very last time. Four times she danced with  
him, four times, and I asked her not. Oh, Marie, Marie!  
how can you be so cruel to one who loves you so  
dearly! I'll go away, go off to sea, and then perhaps  
she will remember her poor old faithful lover.

PIERRE.—There miss! You've done it now. This is the  
last time, the very last time. Four times she danced with  
him, four times, and I asked her not. Oh, Marie, Marie!  
how can you be so cruel to one who loves you so  
dearly! I'll go away, go off to sea, and then perhaps  
she will remember her poor old faithful lover. (sings.)

BLACKSMITH.—“Now lads, give us another verse of your song, and then be off to the dance again.”

*Chorus sings second verse of “Burgundy Wine.”*

Burgundy Wine! Burgundy Wine!  
Give us a bumper of Burgundy Wine!  
What's life but a bubble,  
All trial and trouble!  
Let's fill it with jolly old wine.  
Then bring out your bottles;  
Uncork their old throttles,  
And pour out your Burgundy Wine.  
Burgundy Wine! Burgundy Wine!  
Give us a bumper of Burgundy Wine!

*[The refrain is heard dying away as they go off. Blacksmith comes down.]*

BLACKSMITH.—“There! now they're gone! I declare I feel all in a quiver! (*drinks.*) Just like a piece of soft iron. Upset the little corporal, will they! (*drinks.*) Here's his jolly good health! Well, we'll see! we'll see!”  
(*Enter Mayor L. U. E.*)

MAYOR.—“Hush! Now's your time. The Englishman's dancing away there like a —.”

BLACKSMITH. - “Pea on an anvil—bah!”

MAYOR.—“Just so. Now, let's go and get his baggage, the rascal!”

BLACKSMITH.—“Yes; let's get the rascal's baggage. (*hesitates.*) I say—You're sure it's all right. Eh?”

MAYOR.—“Right?”

BLACKSMITH.—“We sha'nt be getting ourselves into trouble?”

MAYOR.—“Trouble?”

BLACKSMITH — “Yes. Burglary, bigamy, prigamy, thieving, stealing, you know.”

MAYOR.—“Sir! Am I not the Mayor of St. Brieux?”

BLACKSMITH.—“You are. Of course, you are.”

MAYOR (*pompously*).—“Then, Sir, you are under the protection of the Law—the protection of the Law.”

*[Exeunt into cottage.]*

lot of sparks! What a monster!

## BLACKSMITH'S SONG

[Enter L. U. E. crowd of male peasants only, carrying the Blacksmith on their shoulders. They set him down, front.]

BLACKSMITH—"Oh, you rascals! You want the wine already, do you. Well, well! I'll go and see to it."  
[Exit into cottage.]

Chorus—"Burgundy Wine."

## BURGUNDY WINE!

Burgundy Wine! Burgundy Wine!  
Give us a bumper of Burgundy Wine!  
Let youth have its dances,  
Enjoy all its chances,  
But give us the cheery old wine.  
The women they tease us  
There's nothing can please us  
So well as a bumper of Wine.  
Burgundy Wine! Burgundy Wine!  
Give us a bumper of Burgundy Wine!

[At the end of first verse, re-enter Blacksmith with basket filled with bottles. They open them and drink.]

BLACKSMITH—"Ah! That's all right, and so's the wine. Why, there are a dozen hearty laughs in each glass of that good old stuff—warranted full measure. Dear me; it's a fine thing to be a blacksmith, after all. Come, I'll sing you a song, myself. (Sings.)

Others may talk of their learning  
Of their ancestors, honours and  
But for me I had rather have contentment,  
And contentment, that own home  
I've a home that is happy, a wife  
In the village I've many a friend  
I've a meal for the poor, and a drink  
And it may be a trifle to lend  
For a blacksmith's life is the life  
Rough and ready, honest and  
Though the hand may be black

And the dirt's only outside, clean

Let Bonaparte brag of his glory  
With battles I've nothing to do  
And glory's at best but a battle  
Though I love the bold "red,"  
And if ever a foe should put foot  
And set up the standards of war  
We'll see if this dirty old blacksmith  
Can't show them the way to the door  
But a blacksmith's life is the life  
Rough and ready, honest and  
Though the hand may be black

And the dirt's only outside, clean

(Enter Pierre, L. U. E.)

PIERRE.—There miss! You've done  
last time, the very last time. Four times  
him, four times, and I asked her not.  
how can you be so cruel to one  
dearly! I'll go away, go off to sea  
she will remember her poor old faith

## BLACKSMITH'S SONG.

talk of their learning and wealth,  
 ancestors, honours and rank;  
 had rather have comfort and health,  
 timent, that own half the bank.  
 hat is happy, a wife who is dear,  
 ge I've many a friend,  
 r the poor, and a cup of good cheer,  
 be a trifle to lend.  
 ith's life is the life for me,  
 ready, honest and free;  
 and may be black, it's the hand of a  
 man,  
 t's only outside, deny it who can!

he brag of his glory and fame;  
 s I've nothing to do;  
 t best but a battledore game,  
 ve the bold "red, white, and blue."  
 foe should put foot on our land,  
 the standards of war,  
 is dirty old blacksmithy hand,  
 them the way to the floor,  
 ith's life is the life for me,  
 ready, honest and free;  
 and may be black, it's the hand of a  
 man,  
 t's only outside, deny it who can!

~~(Exit into house.)~~

U. E.)

miss! You've done it now. This is the  
 last time. Four times she danced with  
 and I asked her not. Oh, Marie, Marie!  
 so cruel to one who loves you so  
 way, go off to sea, and then perhaps  
 her poor old faithful lover. (*sings.*)

BLACKSMITH.—"Now lads, give us another verse of  
 your song, and then be off to the dance again."

*Chorus sings second verse of "Burgundy Wine."*

Burgundy Wine! Burgundy Wine!  
 Give us a bumper of Burgundy Wine!  
 What's life but a bubble,  
 All trial and trouble!  
 Let's fill it with jolly old wine.  
 Then bring out your bottles;  
 Uncork their old throttles,  
 And pour out your Burgundy Wine.  
 Burgundy Wine! Burgundy Wine!  
 Give us a bumper of Burgundy Wine!

[*The refrain is heard dying away as they go off.  
 Blacksmith comes down.*]

BLACKSMITH.—"There! now they're gone! I declare  
 I feel all in a quiver! (*drinks.*) Just like a piece of  
 soft iron. Upset the little corporal, will they! (*drinks.*)  
 Here's his jolly good health! Well, we'll see! we'll see!"  
 (*Enter Mayor L. U. E.*)

MAYOR.—"Hush! Now's your time. The English-  
 man's dancing away there like a —."

BLACKSMITH. — "Pea on an anvil—bah!"

MAYOR—"Just so. Now, let's go and get his baggage,  
 the rascal!"

BLACKSMITH—"Yes; let's get the rascal's baggage.  
 (*hesitates.*) I say—You're sure it's all right. Eh?"

MAYOR—"Right?"

BLACKSMITH—"We sha'nt be getting ourselves into  
 trouble?"

MAYOR—"Trouble?"

BLACKSMITH—"Yes. Burglary, bigamy, prigamy,  
 thieving, stealing, you know."

MAYOR—"Sir! Am I not the Mayor of St. Brieux?"

BLACKSMITH—"You are. Of course, you are."

MAYOR (*pompously*)—"Then, Sir, you are under the  
 protection of the Law—the protection of the Law."

[*Exeunt into cottage.*]

lot of sparks! What a monster!

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+

...member not poor or faithful lover. (sings.)



## YOU'LL THINK OF ME.

Dear love, despite your cruel words,  
 I know your heart is true,  
 You cannot help but love me, sweet,  
 So dearly I love you.  
 For I am yours, and you are mine,  
 Though seas may roll between,  
 And other stars may on me shine;  
 You'll think of what has been.  
 When I am far away, dear,  
 Far, far away at sea,  
 When dark night follows day, dear,  
 Ah, then you'll think of me.

You'll say whate're his faults may be  
 He ever loved me well.  
 True hearts are worth a woman's smile  
 The pearl out-lives its shell.  
 And you will call, and I shall come,  
 My darling, back again  
 To that sweet side, my own sweetheart,  
 Which now I leave in pain.  
 When I am far away, dear,  
 Far, far away at sea,  
 When dark night follows day, dear,  
 Ah, then you'll think of me.

[At close of song he is going off R. when the Muire, Blacksmith and Marie enter from house carrying Duval's portmanteau, which they set down C.]

BLACKSMITH.—Hullo ! Pierre, lad, where are you off ?

PIERRE.—I ? Oh I was only going for a walk. (*Marie looks at him, he turns away.*)

BLACKSMITH.—Well, stay. We're going to search that Englishman's baggage while he's away at the dance. Do you know, he is a rank conspirator ! Why, we might all have been murdered in our beds ! Puffed out like a lot of sparks ! What a monster !

(sings.)

PIERRE.—(*To Marie.*) There ! I told you so ! and would'nt believe me. Now, who was right ?

# PORTMANTEAU QUARTETTE.

(*Marie, Pierre, the Blacksmith and the Maire.*)

All. Quick, quick, before he comes back,  
Quick, quick, open his pack,  
Pick the lock or turn the key,  
We shall see what we shall see.

MAIRE. Stand back, good people, I'm the Maire  
Of course it's I must see what's there.

[*Kneels on one side of the Portmanteau, C. the rest standing kneeling, R. & L. of him.*]

Coats, waistcoats, linen, that's all right.  
What's this ? Here's something tied up tight—  
A lady's portrait, done in chalk,  
An empty bottle, and a cork (*smells bottle.*)  
Contents, hair oil, in all his boots !  
A pistol, so I thought, he shoots.  
A brush and comb, a box of pills,  
A toothbrush and a pile of bills,  
A pipe, a picture of a horse,  
A pair of spurs, and whip, of course,  
A lady's slipper, I declare !  
And why, what's this ? (*opens a large brown paper parcel.*) Some locks of hair !  
A book, fine books the fellow reads !  
Tobacco and some famous weeds.  
Upon my word a very good cigar, (*puts cigar his pocket.*)  
At last, here are his papers, (*pulls out packet.*)

All.

Ah !...

MAIRE.—Now then, I'll translate them for you.  
BLACKSMITH.—(*admiringly.*) What a fine thing it

old you so ! and you  
as right ?

RTETTE.

and the Maire.)

nes back,  
k,  
key,  
see.

m the Maire  
hat's there.

u, C. the rest standing or

s all right.  
ng tied up tight—  
ulk,  
(smells bottle.)  
oots !

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ills,  
ls,

course,

a large brown paper  
air !  
reads !  
eds.  
cigar, (puts cigar in  
his pocket.)  
pulls out packet).

Ah !...

hem for you.  
a fine thing it is

to have an education, to be sure. Why I can't even read  
them ! (they all gather round the Maire.)

MAIRE.—(reads.) "The count is quite safe," Ah here  
it is, my friends ! I thought so ! The Count is quite  
safe. That's the Count de Provence !....." Bony has'nt  
a chance.".....That's Bonaparte ! here's treason ! here's  
a conspiracy ! "Put all the money you can lay hands  
on, on the old horse. He'll win ! "Old horse," indeed !  
That's their way of hiding the real names. "We'll  
astonish the country bumpkins...." the country bump-  
kins indeed ! That's me ! me ! We shall see whether the  
country bumpkins wont astonish you. "It will be a  
big thing. There's a pot of money in it. We shall  
land 10,000 at least, if it's kept dark." 10,000 ! Whew !  
Why that's an army ! He must be arrested and send  
to Paris at once, this generalissimo of conspirators.

MARIE.—Arrest Monsieur Duval ?

MAIRE.—Of course ! Perhaps, though on second  
thoughts, we had better wait till night. There are so  
many strangers in the crowd to-day. They may be his  
confederates. I suspect that dressmaker is in it too.  
We'll have her searched. Hush, don't say a word.  
She's coming.

"HUSH." (Quartette.)

(Marie, Pierre, the Blacksmith and the Maire.)

Hush ! hush ! hush ! hush !

Don't speak so loud.

Hush ! hush ! hush ! hush !

Beware the crowd.

Arrested he,

It's clear, must be.

The secret keep

Till he's asleep.

We'd better go,

Go, go, go, go.

Exeunt in different directions, Blacksmith carrying portmanteau.  
Enter Madame Barrie L. U. E. she looks back L. as she enters.]

MADE. B.—How very oddly the Maire looked at me just now. I wonder if he has discovered anything. No, that's impossible. Besides, I can do anything I please with him. I think I'll tell Charley who I am though, might want a friend. Ah, here he comes. (*Enter Duval R.*) Monsieur Duval! I want to ask you a question.

DUVAL.—A dozen if you will.

MADE. B.—Would you do me a service?

DUVAL.—Certainly. I wish, though, you would tell me who you really are. You are not a dressmaker? Come now!

MADE. B.—Well, you'll promise that you'll never tell any one. (*Beckons him close.*) I am. (*Aside.*) Shall I? No I won't! (*Aloud.*) I am, Sir, (*whispering.*)

DUVAL.—(*Eagerly.*) Yes?

MADE. B.—A woman!

DUVAL.—(*aside*) Disappointing creature! (*aloud*) Madame that is quite enough, you may command me.

MAD. B.—(*Aside.*) he's charming I really must trust him. (*Aloud.*) I'll tell you really who I am.

DUVAL.—I know!..... a woman! and my uncle's friend. What do you want me to do?

MADE. B.—I am the Comtesse de Beaudry.

DUVAL.—(*Starts.*) The Comtesse de Beaudry! then you must be.....

MADE. B.—Your cousin Mary, who has remembered her cousin Charley better than he her, in spite of ten years.

DUVAL.—Why May! you darling! Fancy my not recognising you. But I did though. I said I had seen you before, didn't I? [*tries to take her hand—she evades him.*]

MAD. B.—Gently, cousin Charley, you must remember that I am no longer the kitten you used to play with years ago, but a staid sober widow.

DUVAL.—Oh you are a widow!

MAD. B.—Yes, my unhappy married life ended some years ago in those terrible days of the Revolution. Ah no wonder you did not recognise me! I have changed sadly grown old and plain.

DUVAL.—You're more charming than ever!

ire looked at me  
ed anything. No  
anything I please  
o I am though,  
mes. (Enter D  
k you a question

ee ?  
n, you would te  
ot a dressmake  
t you'll never te  
(Aside.) Shall I  
(spring.)

eature! (aloud)  
ay command me  
really must tru  
I am.  
and my uncle

ndry.  
e Beaudry ! the  
has remembered  
r, in spite of te  
ncy my not rec  
d I had seen yo  
—she evades him.  
you must re  
ten you used to  
widow.

life ended some  
Revolution. Ah  
I have change

never !

MAD. B.—I ! why I was a washerwoman all through the Reign of Terror.

DUVAL.—And a dressmaker now.

MAD. B.—And the Comtesse de Beaudry again soon.

DUVAL.—Ah, we shall see about that. You may change your name. But why did you never write us ?

MAD. B.—From political reasons, I have never communicated with any of our family except your uncle, who has long ago forgiven me my clandestine marriage. They all believe me to be dead. Indeed, I dare not appear in France under my own name. I am an outlaw.

DUVAL.—An outlaw !

MAD. B.—Yes, but I shall not be so long, there are better days coming, meantime I work and wait.

DUVAL.—Then you can feel for me who have loved you all along and waited for you all these years.

MAD. B.—Oh, we are both young yet. This is still the spring time of our lives. Where would your love be in the winter. (Sings.)

#### THROUGH BUD-TIME AND THE SPRING-TIME.

Through bud-time and the spring-time  
Gay youth and happy ring time

While you and I are young, dear,  
Then love is sweet:

And flowers are never faded,  
And lives are never shaded,  
And hearts are never wrung, dear,  
When lovers meet.

But when comes frost and blow time,  
With storm and sleet and snow time,

And you and I grow old, dear,  
And cares come fast,

With neither sun nor flowers  
To cheer these hearts of ours  
Through winter dark and cold, dear,  
Will your love last ?

*Duetto.*

{ But } when comes frost and blow-time  
 { Yes }  
 With storm and sleet and snow-time,  
 And you and I grow old, dear,  
 And cares come fast ;  
 With neither sun nor flowers  
 To cheer these hearts of ours,  
 Through winter dark and cold, dear,  
 { Will your love last, }  
 { My love will last. }

[At the close of the Duet a note is thrown out of the cottage window, it falls at their feet. Duval picks it up.]

DUVAL.—What's this ! (*reads*). “ Don't appear to take any notice, but you are watched. The Maire is going to have you and madame arrested and searched. Your friend Marie ”.....

MAD. B.—Searched ! [*aside*] he's found me out !

DUVAL.—Arrested ! This must be a joke.

MAD. B.—No it is'nt. I know ! It's all my fault. I have got you into trouble by talking with you so much.

DUVAL.—You ! how ?

MAD. B.—Well I may as well tell you everything. That letter was from the Comte de Provence.

DUVAL.—And you are ?.....

MAD. B.—Precisely !...

DUVAL.—Have you got that letter with you ?

MAD. B.—My own part I have ; the enclosure I sent off to Paris long ago, that is safe !

DUVAL.—How ?

MAD. B.—The Maire was so obliging as to send off his own courier with it. (*laughing*.)

DUVAL.—(*laughing*.) I see ! woman's wit against the world ! but give me that letter.

MAD. B.—What will you do with it ? They will see you.

DUVAL.—I'll eat it, [*takes a sandwich, putting the letter which she gives him cautiously, inside. Leaning over table to her.*] Cousin Mary, tell me I may hope !

DUVAL.—I'll eat it.

MAD. B.—Eat it!

DUVAL.—Yes, why not? (*points to table*) Here everything's ready. I'll make a sandwich of it. (*Sits at table and cuts bread.*)

MAD B.—How you must have improved since I saw you last. You had no taste for literature then.

DUVAL.—At all events I shall be a man of letters now, thanks to your bright eyes.

MAD. B.—(*Offering butter on a knife.*) Butter.

DUVAL.—(*Not seeing it.*) No it isn't. (*Sees butter.*) Oh, I beg pardon. (*Takes butter.*) Is anybody coming yet?

MAD. B.—(*Looking off, L.*) Not yet. Make haste though.

DUVAL.—I say, Cousin Mary, tell me I may hope.

DUVAL.—My dear monsieur le Maire, allow me to offer you a sandwich, true, I cannot particularly recommend them, they're very tough.

MAD. B.—Ah, my dear monsieur le Maire (*laughing*) where have you been hiding yourself? You never came to ask me for a dance.

MAIRE.—I'll give you a dance presently, madame, and you too, monsieur. (*to Duval*)

DUVAL. Thanks, but I don't dance slow dances.

MAIRE. Never fear, the one I propose will be fast enough for your taste. (*unfolds proclamation*)

MAD. B.—(*Aside to Duval.*) He means mischief.

DUVAL.—(*Aside*) Old porcupine! let him!

MAIRE. (*Reads.*) "a most dangerous conspirator and pronounced Royalist is known to be now somewhere in disguise on the western coast. She is in communication with the Comte de Provence, and probably carries valuable papers. See that all suspicious persons are immediately arrested and closely searched. She has a slight scar on her left arm, and her real name is the Comtesse de Beandry." (*Made Barrie gives a slight start.*) Ah, you turn pale, Madame Barrie! Widow Barrie! mantua-maker, from Paris! Oblige me, Madame Barrie, mantua-maker, from Paris, by uncovering that charming left arm of yours, (*he tries to take her hand. She hastily withdraws it.*) So! so!

MAD B.—Sir, you are rude!

any notice, but you are watched. The Maire is going to have you and madame arrested and searched. Your friend Marie ".....

MAD. B.—Searched ! [*aside*] he's found me out !

DUVAL.—Arrested ! This must be a joke.

MAD. B.—No it is'nt. I know ! It's all my fault. I have got you into trouble by talking with you so much.

DUVAL.—You ! how ?

MAD. B.—Well I may as well tell you everything. That letter was from the Comte de Provence.

DUVAL.—And you are ?.....

MAD. B.—Precisely !...

DUVAL.—Have you got that letter with you ?

MAD. B.—My own part I have ; the enclosure I sent off to Paris long ago, that is safe !

DUVAL.—How ?

MAD. B.—The Maire was so obliging as to send off his own courier with it. (*laughing.*)

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MAD. B.—Perhaps !

DUVAL.—I'd eat fifty letters, all stiff parchment, a yard long, with that for a relish ! Fortunately this is very thin paper. Then the silk business ?.....

MAD. B.—Is the restoration of the rightful heir to the throne of France, the Comte de Provence.

DUVAL.—By Jove, then I'm an active partner in the concern. (*Begins to eat.*) I'm swallowing the profits already.

[*Enter the Maire, Blacksmith and Pierre. L. Duval bows to the Maire ironically, still eating.*]

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MAD. B.—Ah, my dear monsieur le Maire (*laughing*) where have you been hiding yourself ? You never came to ask me for a dance.

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MAD B.—Sir, you are rude !

MAIRE.—Charming widow ! fascinating widow ! you were'nt very civil to me just now. It's my turn. (*hums*) " Say yes, yes, yes."

MAD B. (*hums*) " Say no, no, no." I refuse, monsieur. Certainly not ! How dare you ! You insult me because I am only a mantua-maker, as you know very well. If I were this Countess of yours I warrant you would speak differently. What ! do I look like a Countess ? Indeed ! (*walks across the stage ungracefully.*) Do I speak like a Countess ? (*speaking coarsely.*) Have I the airs of a Countess ? No monsieur, I am one of the people. May all Countesses get their deserts, I say.

MAIRE.—(*slowly and sarcastically.*) Very well, wait Madame, I'll call one of the *people* to examine you. (*goes up back and beckons off. L.*)

MAD. B.—(*aside, to Duval*) Never fear, I can manage my mare..... Capital fun isn't it ?

DUVAL.—(*aside*) Well I dont know, you've got a big jump to sit, take it steadily, give her her head.

MAD. B.—(*aside*) Not I ! I always ride on the curb. You'll see what a splendid hand I have.

[*During the foregoing asides, the chorus has been filing in L. U. E.*]

MAD. B.—(*Turning to the chorus and interrupting the Maire who is going to speak*) Friends, our good Maire called you to hear a little song which he wants me to sing to you. (*aside to Maire*) You'd better listen. (*Sings.*)

### THE MAIRE OF ST. BRIEUX.

A Maire of St. Brieux, so my story goes,  
Was but five foot four when he stood on his toes ;  
He was sixty-nine, and he wore a wig,  
But though he was little, his wishes were big,  
He was tired, he said, of a bachelor life,  
He wanted a nurse, but he wished for a wife ;  
How shall I marry ? and what shall I do ?  
What shall I do ? said the Maire of St. Brieux.

Gallant and gay out he wandered to court,  
Quite irresistible too, so he thought :

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He was old, he was ugly, and silly as well,  
 And his name it was,—Ah, would you like me to tell?  
 His eyes they went in, but his teeth they were out;  
 Rheumatics he'd had, and a touch of the gout,  
 Asthma besides, and the tic douloureux:  
 A funny old man was the maire of St. Brieux.

A pretty young widow came trav'ling that way,  
 And the mayor fell in love, head and ears in a day;  
 He vowed that he never had seen such a one,  
 So charming a widow, not under the sun:  
 Could'nt she, would'nt she marry a Maire?  
 She'd have silks, and brocades, and fine satins to wear,  
 And a gallant gay husband, if not very new,  
 Would'nt she marry the maire of St. Brieux?

He fell on his knees with a groan, then he sighed—  
 The widow looked down with a laugh, then replied:  
 " Wooing and cooing are out of your line  
 " Gruel and physic are not, sir, in mine;  
 " I thank you, kind sir, but I'd rather not wed  
 " Such a funny old man with no hair on his head;  
 " Thank you, kind sir, but I can't marry you  
 " Although you're the gallant, gay Maire of St. Brieux.

*[During this song the Maire has been very uneasy, trying to attract her attention. At its close he brings her to the front.]*

MAIRE.—My dear Madame Barrie, a funny story that upon my word. If it were true now it would be most ridiculous.

MAD. B.—Such a silly old man was'nt he? to think that any pretty woman would marry him. He would be the laughing stock of all Paris if the story got out there with his name to it, particularly when it was added that he has regularly been forwarding letters to royalists in Paris from the Comte de Provence.

MAIRE.—What! Those letters of yours were.....

MAD. B.—Precisely.

MAIRE.—And you are really this Comtesse!

MAD. B.—I really am. Come! Shall I tell these good folks all about it?

MAIRE.—Why I shall be ruined!

MAD. B.—Most certainly.

MAIRE.—They would make nothing of. (*Makes sign of guillotine.*)

MAD. B.—Oh! nothing. I see we shall understand one another perfectly.

MAIRE.—Allow me to admire your cleverness. Madame, the game is yours, but, (*appealingly.*) You won't stay here?

MAD. B.—(*Archly.*) What! tired of the charming widow Barrie already!

(*Crosses to Duval. Blacksmith comes forward*)

BLACKSMITH.—I say, what about this arrest?

MAIRE.—It won't come off. It's all a mistake.

BLACKSMITH.—But, Monsieur le Maire.....

MAIRE.—Can you keep a secret!

BLACKSMITH.—Like an anvil.

MAIRE.—(*Taking him by the arm.*) You're a fool!  
(*Blacksmith starts.*) And I'm another. Shake hands!

(*They shake hands, and Blacksmith goes back looking puzzled. Enter Marie, running, with letter.*)

MARIE.—Monsieur Duval! monsieur Duval! here's your letter.

DUVAL.—(*Takes it hastily and tears it open, reads.*)

"Honored Sir. All right! The Count won in a canter. I told you Bony could'n't stay. Come over as quick as possible. I'm on Tom Tiddlers' ground, here, picking up gold and silver as fast as I can.

Yours,

BENDIGO BROWN."

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Hurrah ! Bravo ! the Count has won the Derby !  
*(Goes round shaking hands.)* Two thousand pounds clear ! Hurrah !

MAIRE.—What's that ? Then you're not a Conspirator ?

DUVAL.—Conspirator ! I ! Why, of course not.

MAIRE.—And " Bony " and the " Count " are ?.....

DUVAL.—Horses ! What else should they be ?

MAIRE.—*(Coming front, aside.)* It strikes me that I am not very much unlike one myself. *(Makes signs of having long ears.)* What a mess I have made of it ! Of course he's a horse jockey. These Englishmen always are, when they are not prize fighters. Well, I hav'nt committed myself, fortunately. *[To audience.]* No one knows what an ass I am, except you. You'll keep the secret, wont you ? *[hums.]* " Say Yes, yes, yes." *[Two girls advance from chorus with wreaths of roses, they place a wreath on his head.]*

### FINAL CHORUS.

*Madame B.*

*Maire.*

*Marie.*

*Duval.*

*Pierre.*

*Blacksmith.*

CHORUS.

Hail ! hail ! hail ! hail !

Hail to his honour the Maire of St Brieux.

Garlands we bring and roses we strew.

Hail to his Honour the Maire of St. Brieux,

The Maire of St. Brieux, the Maire of St. Brieux,

Hail to his Honour the Maire of St. Brieux.

MAIRE.

Thanks, my good friends, for the honour you do,

Take, pray, the thanks of the Maire of St. Brieux.

*[aside.]* If his proceedings these folks only knew,

They would'nt honour the Maire of St. Brieux.

DUVAL.

Dear Monsieur le Maire, though you pick out a spy,  
And see through a plot with that wonderful eye.  
Come my dear sir, now, between me and you,  
Are you so clever, friend Maire of St. Brieux ?

BLACKSMITH.

What it all means is more than I know,  
Blacksmiths of course are thick headed and slow,  
All that I've learnt, why I long ago knew,  
*I am the ass ; you're the Maire of St. Brieux.*

PIERRE.

Please Monsieur le Maire I've a secret to tell.

MARIE.—[*Pulling him back.*]

Will you be quiet ? I'm not very well !

PIERRE.

Say that you'll marry me, then, if I dont !

MARIE.

What sir ! you force me ! Ah, well then, I wont !

PIERRE.—[*goes towards Maire, she pulls him back.*]

Yes I will ! there's my hand. If I do marry you.  
Dont you tell tales to the Maire of St. Brieux.

WIDOW B.—[*Archly.*]

" Fair widow I "—you know the rest ;  
Pray never mind, you did your best ;  
Next time you ask say something new,  
Gallant gay bachelor Maire of St. Brieux.

MAIRE.—[*to audience*]

What an escape I have had to be sure !  
Once I get clear, I'll not try any more,

CHORUS

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If I had married a woman like that,  
 She would have led me the life of a cat,  
 Moral :—a widow is best left alone,  
 She'll have her own way, and you will have none.  
 So should a widow seem charming to you.  
 Think of the fate of the Maire of St. Brieux.

CHORUS.

Hail ! hail ! hail ! hail !  
 Hail to his Honour the Maire of St. Brieux.

Garlands we bring and roses we strew.  
 Hail to his Honour the Maire of St. Brieux,  
 The Maire of St. Brieux, the Maire of St. Brieux.  
 Hail to his Honour the Maire of St. Brieux.

C U R T A I N .

